a6

14 August 1908

Thursday Friday.

Beloved,

Have you been having the devil of a time with Julian? I gather that you have, & ah my poor loves are made to bleed for their ease. What with milk & washing, Crying & Grumbling, you must have spent a miserable week. Poor woman! I adore you.

I have heard nothing from H.J: it strikes me that I probably led him to think that I should be here till Saturday week. He said something about being away. However, I may have been too cold,

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or two hot, or he may have
taught better yet. Anyhow, my
chance of a prohosal dwindles, &
I feel complacent. I shall see
you to morrow! Indeed, if I were
wise I should hoard my sweetness,
& spend it like a king. I
shall probably weep when I leave you
tomorrow evening, for more than
a fortnight.

NYPL

I went to Cheddar, found it a
wretched place, like the scenery beside
a switch back, crowded, & full of
grottos & caves, into which I cared
not bother to look. A drunk
man terrified a little girl in the
carriage next mine, so that the
train had to be stopped, she taken out,
& put in with me. She was
like a frightened rabbit, & crouched in
her corner. When I got home

I was solemnly waited on by Mr. Oram,
who begged me not to be agitated,
but said he had a painful story to tell
me. She slavey had taken the dogs
for a walk, they had escaped; they had
'cruised about the town', till a policeman
found them, & put them in prison,
finding that Garth had no address on
his collar. Mr. Oram had fetched
them back; but the policeman wished to
see me. All this he repeated over & over
again, adding his theory: that
Lady Hans had run away, & his Lordship (Sata)
followed after. "O she's a sprightly
little lady". "But dont be agitated
Ma'am: my advice to you is this;
say that the address is now being
engraved. I would not recommend any
body to trifle with their conscience in
an ordinary way, but a young lady,
travelling alone — its very awkward.
Do not consider, ma'am, that you are
in the eye of the law, a Criminal.
We will sit down, if I may take the
liberty, & consider what is best to be done"

I should think this lasted a good hour.

I met the policeman this morning, as I took Sarto to the station, & he merely suggested that some day I should had better get a new collar. He was very good, & the Spaniard promised to see to him. Hans has just been violently sick. Such is my news. Do you see that Dodo has a daughter? Well, the rabbits of the field multiply, & replenish the Earth with their bones. Shall you kiss me tomorrow? Yes, Yes, Yes! Ah, I cannot bear being with all you. I was thinking today of my Spartan happiness, a walk along a cliff by the sea, & you at the end of it. I am determined to burn all my life & Yes, & begin another; for I have made no a pleasant scheme yet. Bruce Richmond wrote, that he wants to send me a book on famous Scotchwomen. So I suppose the autumn season has begun. I wish Prothero would write. Saxon send me the information, on a card, just the back of Hans Sachs house is more beautiful than the front. Clive's theory is right I am sure; the younger Pliny.

O tomorrow! V.S.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/16/70

(a 7)

(18 August 1908)

from Mamaroneck.

V3.

Tuesday.

Beloved,

I have had an immense number of letters today. Helen in the first place, died on Sunday night, very peacefully. Her wifes last Lady Stephen's life will be shortened, but that Helen keenly loved not wish to live, which makes her death all the sadder. So she, at least, is satisfied. Rosamond say that Lady S. is weak, though fevered. I pity her, poor old creature, a Katharine too, who thought Helen the most original & gifted of them all — so she

told me the other day.
Then I have this letter from
St. Q.: which I enclose, that
you may be witness to all
my actions. I shall say
that I go away on Saturday,
but that if he likes to come
before then, I shall be delighted
to give him lunch. NYPL He is
sick jocose, & if he wishes to
propose, he may as well get it
over; but I think he only
means a friendly talk; &
in either case, I think there is
no use in avoiding him. But
I can't walk all the way to Cheddar
with him.
Says a Mexican better write; they

have heard Parsifal, & I cant pretend
that I have yet mastered Sayons reason
for not finding it so Keating at the
first time of hearing as some others; or
Adrian reason for feeling just the
opposite. I imagine some part scene
between them - Stawker, Adrian is
delighted with the Germans, has paid
calls, & finds his German better than
Sayons 'who is always at a loss".
Kelly writes that she wishes to
treat Miss Beale, the book I had
half marked for myself. Miss Beale
educated Miss Sinclair - " of course
I shall draw attention to the fact
with appropriate comments."
Silly writer, & Quarto sheets; wishes
to know in particular what I
think of Christ? Is he a genius?
She knows he is interesting to talk to,
& sees he has had good effects on
your art - but would like, if it is not

impertinent, to know more. 15
Clive a genius? What is Clive like?
An eccentric, fastidious little
Chipmonk, with the liveliest
affections, & the most tender
instincts - a man of parts, &
sensibilities - a man of character
& judgment - a man with a style,
who writes some of the best letters in the
English tongue, meditates a phrase as
other men meditate an action -
But a man of genius? This long
paragraph is too long to rewrite; but
you with all that it is inadequate
even as prose; & as the truth -
well, you sit yourself on his knee.
Oh, I'm so elated about my novel!
I read 2 pages, & thought them good.
I dont theorise any more, but believe
that the best novels are deposited,
carefully, bit by bit; & in the end, perhaps
they live in all their parts. 'Perhaps' -
whilst I write as Julian sucks his bottle;
a redeeming occupation, but not of intense
interest to you perhaps. Write a sonnet to
his left eyelash -
My news-

NYPL

a 8

20 August 1908

Manchester.

Thursday.

Beloved,

Why did my letter give you the impression of much storm, I wonder? I cant remember any plaints; but I see that you attribute it to H. J. I dont think that whatever he could do would bother me much — might overcast, make shiver my vanity — but I expect the real cause was that lodging are vile, & children shriek. I am quite happy here, in my big room with a comfortable chair, & no one ever bothers me. It pours, beneath a drifting mist, & I have been

writing the first page of Mlle de la
Vallière, & snapping my fingers at
all the storms & all the lovers
(who want love me) in the world.
I always want you; but save for
that, I am have'nt been lonely
yet, & I have been away for 20
days. You dont piss me
your address, & your punishment will
be a severe one. NYPL
'Yes, my honey jar; one from Irene, from
Kitty, from Walter Lamb.' 'Oh
I dont count them. No letter from
my Apekin I mean?' "No. not a
line." 'Oh how I hate Scotch
moors.' I have another
letter from Good Mary Sheep; he
Runello telegraphed on Monday to ask
me to stay with them for four days,

but as I had gone the telegram was returned. Ought I to write to Mrs. Russell? I have never seen her. Shelley ends 'The life of the senses is more within my reach than the life of the mind'. Well, it depends what she means by the senses.

I walked along the cliff yesterday, & found myself slipping on a little ridge just at the edge of a red fissure. I did not remember that they came so near the path; I have no wish to perish. I can imagine sticking out arms on the way down, & feeling them tear, & finally whirling over, a cracking over head. I think I should feel as though I saw before leaving a china vase fall from the table: a useless thing to happen - & without any reason or Good in it. But members of people do fall over; my good landlady tells me stories. Her son in law was found dead in the road, his horses coming home before him, & no one knew how it happened. She

is full of sense, & wisdom about making the best of things, & 'here we are, & we must grin & bear it'. She offered me a horn cup, made from an ancestral cow, which I had to refuse as well as I could; & then said that I was like the gentleman she had just had – a fine lady. I don't think the Cliffs are as fine as Cornish cliffs, & the land is certainly tamer, but then Manorbier is practically in the 40ties; here was a school treat on the beach yesterday, & for some reason it seemed to me exactly the kind of thing that happened in the year 1845. They drove off in a two horse waggon, with little bonnets, & side whiskers. Web – if I am to go out, & I get hitchy if I stay in, I must tramp now, in my great boots & water proof. Were you sorry to hear Julian? Tell me what Scotland is like. My book for the Times about Scotch women has just come – a fat dull work, I expect. Write an immense long letter. I pine if they dont come. Kiss your hand.

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/16/70

a.9

26 August 1908

Wednesday.

—

Manorbier,

Wednesday.

—

Be loved,

I had a piteous disappointment yesterday. I kept your letter till for a time, & went for a long walk planning a surprise at the end. I lost my way, sat a-head & directed myself all wrong by the map, & had to tramp till 6. Me one thing that sickened my step was no angel Vere letter — when I got home, rushed to my room looked on the table, & there was nothing there! Nor is there any letter this morning. Damn these posts! But lamentations are vain.

Reginald Smith Tandies

Compliment with me, went entirely give up the idea, & says that if I had read more I should write with that originality which Mrs Comyns Carr loves! Of course, I had been posing as an illiterate woman, who had twice as much difficulty in writing an article as other people. Nellie's latest has NYPL also — when Galsworthy. She means to be honest, & to flurt at the texts without prompt for style — but the result is mere rant. I can't even make out this time what her grievance is; but she is denouncing somebody — I think it is the people who call her an aristocrat. I had better send it to you.

O dear O dear! The

second + last post has come, + here is
no letter again - Are you ill, have
you been shot, or is it merely some
trick of the posts? I cant make out
how it can take 3 days to get a letter
here - I have tried to walk myself into
a philosophic mood, in the churchyard,
but I cant help feeling melancholy.
It rains + blows - + here I must sit -
wait till to-morrow morning - + perhaps
even then — However, I must
take a book + read, + try to forget
all about you. There are pair swans
that (in North London) I used: perhaps
you have been stung — or do you
remember that young lady of title
last year, whom Violet felt for so much.
whose husband shot her by mistake for a
rabbit. A woman - colonels wife -
has been murdered in Kent — Ah
the consolation I get is a card from
the London Library to say that I
can have Lagows book on astrology if
I am inclined to
I want it.

stay here till Monday now; my torso has stopped aching, & I see I shall have done my writing till Sunday - & I am much happier here than I should be in London. Much NYPL happier! - that is mere optimism. I dont see how I am to stagger to the end of this sheet when I dont know whether you are in a state to read it. I turn to your letter & try to make out that you have no post on a Sunday, & only one early in the morning on week days, so that, if you mailed this, I should not get a letter till to-morrow morning. I sink to the lowest depths of acquiescence, & wonder that we all are mere lumps of flesh, propelled about the world for a space, & suffering as shocks leading nowhere - I see myself a worm, with a spade cutting through it. It is now pouring cats & dogs, & some silly woman, out for holiday, are bathing. It is too fantastic of them - but they wont drown. Masters that you are - I adore you.

yB

Hauer 2/18/70

(c. 10)

(29 August 1908)

Manorbier
Saturday.

Beloved,

I had your charming letter this morning - for your letters to charm & you know it; & if you pretend to fear our dear Verlyte, it is only because you despise it. Besides no one can say that my letters are well written; I am much too vain to think it. I had my tea in Tenby yesterday, but chanced on a dark dirty shop, where I was charged a shilling for a stale bun, & thus the great object of my journey failed.

But it is very difficult to walk here,
because when it isn't raining it is
blowing a hard gale that I can
hardly see my way along the Cliff.
I find when the beach generally, -
find a corner where I can sit a
little while from the shelter of the waves.
A Child of 12, a pretty little Girl, does
the same thing also, & with always
set me out; but I daren't ask her
what she is thinking, though I want to
know. How ridiculous it all is!
I sometimes feel inspired when I realise
that we are all set out on our
journey, as human beings, with all our
Ceremonies, - marriages.
a letter from poor old Cass yesterday;
She invents her address 'Krishna, Nair',
which is a sign of fondness, I think;
& tells me how she has been nursing
a friend in London who died

on the same day that Helen Stephen died,
but will be more missed. She is left
a finder humanities, & a kind of
a cultured Christianity, though she is
two well educated to be a Christian.

This time next week we shall be
at Siena! Divine! If I
were'nt to be with you, I should be
rather sorry to end my solitude.
It is amazingly comfortable to
stretch one's legs & hear one's head
out, & not to be interrupted at
half-past six, & spend the evening at
the opera, or in talk about it. I
never knew I had such a desire
to read; & in London it is always
frothed & spirited, & always will be.
I wish one could sweep one's day clean;
lay not at home, & refuse one to
go out. But don't understand — &
understand with discretion — that I
grumble at Adrian, or at anyone;
the Great Gain of here is really,

I believe, that one can see such
beautiful pleasant things, & smell, &
be at peace; & if I live in
London, I must, I suppose, see people.
Do you call this well written? careful,
& rhythmical? if so, my good heart,
your ear is stuffed with feathery down.
I am also sunk into such a
simple inarticulate mood, that I
doubt whether you will understand
any bleatings. The only words I
have spoken for four weeks, save
except when I saw you, have been
very loud & hearty. "Fine day!
Ho, he want bits." I should
like a fowl to night. One
has to be so cheerful with the
lower classes, or they mistake one
despised.
I ordered
two pounds of tea from the Stores

NYPL

I gave them to Mrs. Lewis today.
She was greatly moved, & has been
fluttering about me, asking whether
there isn't anything I should like to
take away with me. I have
suggested a branch of flowers (which
I am certain to leave in the train) but
I dread the home-sung. Now, you
don't suffer from the desire to
be liked so much that you would
write a letter to the Stores; I
expect I shall leave all my fortune
to a home for stray pug dogs,
having become entirely maudlin in
my old age.
Moore last night; he has a fine
flare & approach at the end — a
no wonder. I am not so
dumb founded as I was; but then

more I understand, the more I admire.
He is so humane in spite of his
desire to know the truth; & I believe
I can disagree with him, over any matter.

I am sending you the Combat, in
case it amuses you in view of
your journey, & also you may like
to see Nelly. It is for
more reasons to understand the
meaning than moves; par. as to some
sentences which seem to grope two
different meaning, & seem to be
draped in an alien metaphor; &
makes one's head spin, as in a
nightmare. How you any
theory about the Lund murder – or
was it suicide?

If you leave on Monday, it takes
2 days to reach you, I shall
only write one more letter, I suppose.
As I am discharging pale Socratic
certainty a grain apart in pain, your
it is apart time. I said no more –
Embraced you! VB.

NYPL HAMILL 2/16/70